DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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A DAY AT OKA.

Here is a picture of the Indian boy referred to in the last letter about Oka. He is intelligent looking, as you see, and appears very good-natured also. His clothes are none of the best now, having seen a good deal of wear, and the chances are that before he had them they belonged to a scholar or scholars of the

AN INDIAN BOY.

St. James Street Methodist Church Sunday-school of Montreal, or scholar of other schools in the country. He is ready to race with you, to play a game of lacrosse with you, to run a message for you, or to do almost anything else that you may desire.

These Indian people are very honest. I can tell you a story about them. One day in early spring a few years ago, when the water in the river was very high, quite to the top of the banks, the wharf was overflowed so that the steamboat could not touch at it, but had to remain out in the river. I had to get on board, and some Indians got a canoe to row me out to it, and in jumping from a log into the canoe, a pencil case, much valued from being a present, fell from my pocket into the

CHIEF JOSEPH.

water, at that place, then some eight feet deep. Nothing was said, but I noticed that Chief Joseph, whose picture is on this page, saw it fall as well as I. The pencil I thought no more of, thinking that it had been lost forever. But some two months after the Rev. Mr. Parent and an Indian boy came into the MESSENGER office and presented me with the pencil as bright as new. As soon as the water had gone the Chief set the boys and girls of the village at work to find the pencil, which they did, it being embedded in mud to the depth of nearly two inches, and a little brushing up made it all right.

This Chief Joseph is a remarkable man. He is a perfect type of the Indian, being tall, strong, slow and careful in speech—though

REV. FATHER LACAN.

BROTHER PHILLIPPE.

JOSEPH PERRILLARD.

poetical in his thoughts and language—wide-awake and truthful. When a boy he was selected by a Roman Catholic priest at Oka to be educated for a priest, with the object of leading the Indians with him; but at the college in Montreal he learned that the land at Oka belonged as much to the Indians as to the priests, and began to defend the Indians even then, young as he was. For this he was removed to Oka, where he became secretary to the priests.

One day he found a number of New Testaments in the Indian language that had been given to them by a missionary, but had been taken away by the priests, who called it a "bad "book," and began to read one. There he found how to become a Christian, and resolved to follow Christ and Him alone. Soon after the Indians made him their chief, and a Protestant missionary being sent to them, all but a few joined the Protestant church. Chief Joseph is now a missionary among the Indians at Caughnawaga, about ten miles above Montreal.

For nearly ten years, up to a few months ago, the Rev. Mr. Parent has been the missionary at Oka, and during that time his work has not been easy. His own history is very interesting. He is a French-Canadian and was born a Roman Catholic; but going to the United States to work he came in connection with Protestants, and learned the glorious truths of the Gospel from God's own Word. He then went back home and his mother and brothers received the Gospel gladly, and were converted. After this he studied for the ministry, and then was sent to work amongst the French Canadians in the Province of Quebec, and afterwards to Oka. In both he was very successful, and in both he was persecuted, and suffered many narrow escapes for his life.

But the Indians love him greatly, and for the last eight years they have been persecuted together. When the Indians became Protestants the priests who claimed Oka and the Seigniory to which it belongs, as their own, endeavored to drive them away by every means in their power; but they would not go, and in all their law suits, of which they have had many, have been defended by Mr. Maclaren, a Queen's Counsel of Montreal, who has been remarkably successful in their behalf.

The chief persecutors are the priest of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Lacan, the school teacher, Brother Philippe, and the "forester," as he is called, Joseph Perrilliard. But the more the Indians were persecuted, the more determined they were to stay at Oka, and now are stronger than ever.

The Rev. Mr. Parent is not alone at Oka. His wife is there also, and their very interesting family, Charley, Arley and Rachel. Charley would not allow his picture to be taken, so I cannot show you how he looks. The boys are great hunters and fishers, and players at lacrosse. They can talk four languages, the Iroquois and Algonquin (Indian tongues) and French and English. With the bow and arrow they can shoot a bird flying, they can swim almost like fish, and row a canoe as well as anybody.

Charley is going to school in Montreal now. One day at a competition for prizes, where one was for the best shot with the bow and arrow, a friend asked him to try what he could do. He did not care much about it, but at last consented. The people there thought the shooting had been pretty good, but Charley made a bull's eye every time. "That's a queer "target," said he; "they might as well put "up a door;" but everybody had not been taught to shoot by Indians as he had.

Now I think I have got to the end of my space for this week, but am aware that in writing of some of the most prominent people connected with Oka I have neglected my day at Oka. That will have to wait, now, for another day.

J. J. MACLAREN, Q. C.

In the meantime I want to say a word about the artist who took all these pictures. He is a young man who is deaf and dumb; but he has a remarkable talent for drawing pictures. You see the pictures of the priest, teacher and forester. He sketched them at a trial when the Indians were untruthfully accused of setting fire to the Roman Catholic Church. They did not know that he was present, but he took out his pencil and paper, and in a few minutes he had the truthful likenesses of them which you now see. One of them objected to having his picture taken this way, and did not come to the court again until the trial was over, but it was too late. The teacher asked a lawyer's advice to see if he could not have the pictures taken away from him, but that would have been a very difficult job.

JOHN WESLEY AT YORK.—As he travelled to and fro odd mistakes sometimes happened. Arrived at York, he went into the church at St. Saviour's gate. The rector, one Mr. Cordeau, had often warned his congregation against going to hear "that vagabond Wes-"ley" preach. It was usual in that day for ministers of the Establishment to wear the cassock or gown, just as we everywhere in France see the French abbe. Wesley had on his gown, like a University man in a University town. Mr. Cordeau, not knowing who he was, offered him his pulpit. Wesley was quite willing, and always ready. Sermons leaped impromptu from his lips, and this sermon was an impressive one. At its close the clerk asked the rector if he knew who the preacher was. "No." "Why, sir, it was "that vagabond Wesley!" "Ah, indeed!" said the astonished clergyman; "well, never "mind, we have had a good sermon."—*Sunday at Home.*

Temperance Department.

A SEVEN YEARS' ATTEMPT AT MODERATION.

BY A JOURNALIST.

By seven years' attempt at moderate drinking I have probably acquired the right to say a few words on the great social problem of the age—Is alcohol the abused friend or the inevitable foe of man?

I arrived in London an abstainer, and was soon told, with conceited frankness, that total abstinence was not practicable in the exigencies of town life; that it was all very well "out in the clear" where nature had fair play, but that it had been tried and found wanting in the artificial and severe conditions of modern civilization. After three months' literary work in the metropolis, I certainly did experience a lassitude and loss of appetite which I had not previously felt in the country; and a too liberal use of tea and coffee resulted in my suspecting the principles of total abstinence. I was, however, still mindful of the grave fact that many of my friends had disappeared long before their time, and I was not always thoroughly assured that the cause of their deaths was fully explained by the doctor's certificate. I attached myself to the church of my persuasion, and well remember the "prime old port" which I tasted at the Communion table. It was there that I was assailed by the evil suggestion that such good wine could not fail to have a restorative effect upon my system. By a kind of specious reasoning I was allured into a cautious consumption of wine, beer, etc., and mistaking the fictitious invigoration for newly imparted strength, I triumphantly believed that alcohol was unjustly maligned by teetotalers. I had then, as I foolishly imagined, attained to a liberty far more rational than the "unnatural restrictions" of abstinence. Kind members of the church oft-times invited me to dinner, and as they took wine, occasionally whiskey, after, I became fully convinced that I had before been in grievous bondage. Of course having gained my "freedom" I was not slow to join them; I thought it was safe to emulate their orthodox example. I was not, however, altogether free from slight misgivings, because I felt that the wine and spirits disturbed my accustomed meditation on the sermon, and materially hindered my usual enjoyment of the evening service. But such fugitive fears were summarily put down to over-sensitiveness, and as one of our deacons invariably offered me "something hot" when I was his guest, I easily persuaded myself that it would never do to be too precise in "small things." In this way I made steady progress. Just in proportion as my consumption of alcohol increased, my regularity in attendance at church decreased. I could not then see that the arch-deceiver was secretly disabling my spiritual susceptibilities, and exposing me to temptations which I had previously, by the grace of God, effectually resisted. I did not then appear to know that the grace of God was never designed or given to interfere with His beautiful laws, nor that He had endowed me with reason and common sense to protect my body from things unsuitable and hurtful. Soon I was overtaken by the secret fall and its bitter consequences. I reproached myself for "abusing" alcohol, and by earnest prayer strove to reach unto a "Christian" use of it, as I still thought it was essential to my existence. For short periods I managed to limit myself to a "discreet" quantity, and often sanguinely assumed that I had achieved a lasting victory. My "victories" were only partial and fitful, and nearly always followed by humiliating defeat. And here I solemnly declare that from the moment of my departure from total abstinence my life has been a tale of moral disaster. And now for the most important question—Why? The grace of God was and is all-powerful; my prayers for deliverance were sincere. My captivity was solely and exclusively due to my mistaking a foe for a friend. Here, and here only, is the source from which the true temperance reformation must always take its rise. It is sheer trifling to counsel men to "govern" their appetites whilst they continue to use an article which mocks, because it destroys self-control. The strongest resolutions and the most vigilant watchfulness are powerless to arrest the effects of alcohol, and the most devout prayers cannot avail to annul the recognized law of cause and effect.

I eagerly read the articles which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, but I found nothing to shake the position of the well-informed and well-grounded abstainer. All the eminent contributors appear to have written with poorly-suppressed doubt and hesitancy, and the total of their united opinions amounts rather to an apology for, than to a justification of, the moderate use of alcohol. Their faltering and equivocal verdict in favor of indefinable moderation is to me very encouraging, because it clearly proves that the light of scientific truth is extending in coveted directions. The vigorous and fully-rounded lives of the great multitude of teetotalers cannot be ignored even by the West-End physicians of London. On the one hand they see health and safety, and hear that final "Amen" of satisfied nature; on the other, the blood-stained track of an enemy which is, and can only be, harmless when not used dietetically.

The scapegoat of superficial minds—adulteration—is not now held to be so responsible as formerly for the doings of drink. If the purity of alcohol could have barred the way to excessive indulgence, the number of deaths in the ranks of the wealthy would have been less notorious. Gentlemen of competent means are generally careful to purchase wines and spirits of the "choicest quality," but they have died, and are dying, at a rate sad to contemplate. Neither education nor social status can save men if they expose the regulative power of the will to the paralyzing influence of alcohol.

I unhesitatingly affirm that my resolutions to abstain always encountered the most subtle temptations in the households of "good friends"; and I quite agree with a recent utterance of Mr. Gough, that this will continue so long as alcohol finds a place on the tables of church-going people. By a mistaken "courtesy" they unwittingly become the tempters of many young persons who reasonably think that they are safe from all peril in such society. It is worse than idle to bewail the moral ruin of our brothers sisters and if we, by our fashionable but unchristian cowardice, countenance the cause of their enslavement. The injury done to the "lungs and livers" of men is small compared with the blighting hurt done to their higher nature. I wish distinguished and honored medical leaders would give increasing prominence to that fact, and be a little more guarded in their incidental admissions as to the probable value of the enemy in "certain cases of indigestion."

REV. MR. PARENT.

MRS. PARENT.

"ARLEY."

RACHEL.

THE OKA MISSIONARY AND HIS FAMILY.

It is the distinguishing prerogative of religion to uproot everything that stands in the way of the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. But whilst alcohol is suffered to have free course in the social circle and in many homes of reputed Christians, how can the Church consistently look or wait for the dawn of the "better day"? And how can our Legislature hope for the "elevation of the masses" whilst their greatest enemy is permitted to menace and endanger their safety in every highway of our cities, towns, and villages? Year after year ministers of the Gospel have witnessed the appalling prosperity of alcoholic agencies with unenviable fortitude, and when the enemy has come nigh unto their own dwellings they have conferred with flesh and blood rather than led the way to perfect security. They have seen eminent preachers dragged from the pulpit into hopeless bondage and darkness by alcohol, and yet they have too often and too long turned a deaf ear to those who besought their aid to help the unregenerate crowd in its daily, ceaseless struggle with the foe. By virtue of their vocation they constrain us to regard them as believers in the doctrine of substitution. They teach us that the faith which does not yield the fruits of self-denial and self-sacrifice is not the faith which they preach. And yet they themselves refuse to forego the absolutely valueless glass of beer and wine in order that they might strengthen their weaker and sorely-tempted brethren by the guiding light of their example! The world is not to be won to purity and truth by such a spurious manifestation of the Gospel in the lives of its accredited ministers.

I have once and for all done with the vaunted innocence of home-brewed ale and the reputed harmlessness of those private wines which require "just a little spirit" to preserve them. Alcohol is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, no matter in what form it is presented; and as we have no promise that the law of the body will be changed, the tendency of it will ever be to deceive and to kill. We are sometimes told by a few "deep thinkers" that alcohol is a "good creature of God"; and yet the very same persons, in their easy moods of virtuous indignation, vehemently denounce it as "the curse of the country"! Well may we exclaim, in the memorable words of the ruler of the Jews, "How can these things be?"
—*London Temperance Record.*

"AIN'T PIGS STRONG?"

I lived in Ninth Street in New York. And I had lately got my arms into a round-about and my legs into boots. Stiff, shiny boots, with plenty of squeak in them, and with red tops and straps. Boots big enough for a young man of full nine years of age. I have never been such a hero since—never been half as old or great a man—as when I mounted those boots. How I did stride and strut and look down at them! There was no need of putting the best foot forward. I hadn't any foot that was not best. I pitied all poor unfortunates who knew nothing of the glory of new boots.

But about that pig. Ninth street, where I lived, was in those days at about the north end of the city—near the jumping-off place. In fact, within about ten rods of that same place. For between us and Tenth street there was a hill about half dug away, from the top of which we boys used to jump off down into the loose sand and fill our shoes with the sand, and go home with dirty stockings. Folks have lumbered up our play-ground since with big three-story houses. But in those good old times boys could run right across from one street to the other, and pigs could wander at their own sweet wills.

I rather think I was just getting beaten at hop-scotch—and disgusted with the game, of course—when one of these bristly fellows came along the street, and a bright idea struck me. We would catch him and have a ride! That we would. What were pigs for, but to give a body a ride!

But the first thing was to catch him. Nothing easier than that. So, into the house I darted, and pounced upon Bridget's clothes line. Bran new, clean line, that Bridget didn't know any better than to hang shirts and collars and sheets on. But it was just the thing to catch pigs with—as you shall see.

One end of the rope was made into a slip noose, and the other end I got one of the fellows to tie tight round my waist. The plan was, you see, to lay down the noose in the street for piggy to "put his feet in it," and then for me to lean back in those new boots and pull him in. Capital plan. Sure to work to perfection. The other fellows would have been glad to hold the rope, and have some of the glory. But I couldn't allow it. Not that there was not enough of it (of the glory, that is—not the rope) to go round and give every boy a share. But I wanted it all myself. It was enough for the rest of them to have the fun of looking on. And they began to think so themselves before long.

I said it was a capital plan, and sure to work. But, somehow, there was a hitch about it. No, not a hitch exactly; I wished with all my soul there was, when operations had begun. But the plan didn't work—and a more disgusted urchin than I was you never saw in your life.

Piggy stepped into the noose; there was no trouble about that. And the noose slipped down tight around his leg. All right so far. But when the time came for pulling in, pig, rope and boy all went in the wrong direction. It was highly improper. It was not down in the plan. I didn't approve of it. But there was no help for it. After that squealing brute I went—stumbling, sprawling, up again, catching at every stoop-railing, shouting to the boys to hold him in, and discovering suddenly that friendship, in a selfish world, is but a hollow name. For I grieve to say that they stood and laughed and roared as if their sides would burst.

But a lamp-post that we passed soon proved a friend in need—a friend indeed. For, while piggy ran on one side of it, I, having no affection for him, and willing to part company, took the other. That brought him up all standing, for the lamp-post wouldn't budge. So he squealed and kicked and tugged till he worked his leg out of the noose, and left, without taking leave, for parts unknown. As for me, I wriggled out of the noose at my end of the rope and tramped back home, dragging Bridget's clothes line, a sadder and a wiser youth. When I arrived there, I marched into the parlor, where my big brothers were at a game of chess, and remarked to one of them, thoughtfully, "I tell you what Bert, *ain't pigs strong?*"

And from that day to this, when I see a young man going into low, vile company, and boasting that he shall lead them—not they him; or putting himself into the noose of some brutish habit, thinking he can manage it and stop when he chooses, I feel like telling him, Take care! pigs are strong! Take care!
—*Uncle Ned, in Congregationalist.*

ALWAYS REMEMBER, no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failing the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line of your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in a point of fact, unharmed.—*Hints for Daily Life.*

PUBLIC SCHOOLS: DEFECTIVE VENTILATION AND BRAIN POISONING.

It would seem that the last quarter of the nineteenth century was a somewhat late date at which to urge the necessity of pure air in schoolrooms, for the ancient dictum that "the breath is the life of man" is a truth that no one has ever thought to doubt. The known sensitiveness of children to all physical influences, the increased demand which the brain in special action, as it is during study hours, makes upon the heart for blood, and the consequent requirement of the blood upon the lungs for air to purify it, are supposed to be matters of general knowledge. In practice, however, all these facts are ignored by men who construct school buildings and those who control them. A room as large as a family sitting-room, in which half a dozen people cannot sit for three hours without drowsiness, headache, nausea, feverish heads, or all of these discomforts in succession, is supposed to be good enough for occupancy for the same length of time, by twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and even seventy-five children, and during the very hours when the brain is called upon for the principal work of the day. If such a room had doors and windows so placed that currents of air could visit every portion of the apartment, the air would not even then be as good as the human system demands; but even such facilities for ventilation do not exist in city school-rooms, where the size and shape of a building, and the arrangement of its rooms, are regulated by the location of the ground upon which the building is placed.

The consequence is that the air of almost any school-room in a city will be found, during school hours in the cooler season, to be oppressive to the lungs of the visitor and offensive to the nostrils. A window may be slightly down at the top, but unless a door also is open there is no circulation of air, while a draft direct from door to window is sure to chill the pupils in its path without particularly benefiting those in the other portions of the room. In the walls of some rooms are flues, which are supposed to conduct the impure air upward, on the principle that warm air being lighter than the outer air, is bound to rise; but as warm air cannot rise unless other air can come from somewhere to take its place, and as carbonic acid gas, which is plentifully thrown out with exhausted breath, is heavier than any air, and will not rise at all unless by suction or force, these flues are of but little good.

These being the facts—and we would be ashamed to quote information so simple were it not that it has successfully escaped architects, school officers, and teachers—certain physical results inevitably follow. Nearly every schoolroom in the United States, if visited an hour or two after the session has opened on a winter day, will be found to contain children, almost all of whom have pallid faces and lustreless eyes, no matter how bright they may have been two hours before. The teacher will frequently be found in the same condition; oftener, however, the earnestness peculiar to the conscientious teacher will have combated the stupefying influence of the air, and the result will be the same as that which follows a physical struggle against opium or any other narcotic: an unnatural excitement and uncontrollability ensues, and the teacher who naturally is patient, considerate, just and kind, becomes fretful, unreasonable, flighty and unfair. This is no fanciful statement; rare are the good teachers that will not admit that it faithfully describes their own experiences twice a day and five days in a week throughout the seasons of closed windows and doors.

The remedy that naturally suggests itself is the frequent changing of the air by opening all doors and windows; but this plan, besides occasioning sudden and great changes of temperature, would make the warming of the rooms impossible. Besides, occasional charges of air are not sufficient; the change should be continuous, so that pure air may be steadily admitted and foul air steadily expelled. When this is done, the ingress of cold air is not rapid enough to occasion chilling draughts. There are mechanical methods of obtaining this result: a system combining force and suction is sufficient, but this is generally dependent upon a steam engine as the motive power, and such a plan not only implies the great expense of an engine, but also that of a superior engineer, for no ordinary man—certainly no school janitor—could be trusted to manage so dangerous a machine in a building crowded with precious lives.

The desideratum of pure air, continuously supplied at small expense, and without need of any personal attention, has lately been realized in some schoolrooms in Jersey City by a very simple contrivance, which has already been used successfully in mills, railway cars and elsewhere, where steady change of air is necessary, but draughts intolerable. A flue, either specially constructed, or perhaps any old one that may have been in use, is terminated at the roof by a cap so constructed that air enters chambers on its outside, and moves spirally to its top, where it creates a current which sucks the air steadily from the inside of the flue. The force of the air in these spiral chambers is communicated by the wind, the openings of the chambers radiating to all points of the compass. These chambers narrow rapidly toward their exit, so that a light breeze, moving barely a mile an hour, has its momentum multiplied several times before it finds an exit. The effect is exactly that of a miniature whirlwind, the principle being precisely the same, and the only difference being that instead of sucking up and scattering dust, leaves, &c., it gathers and dissipates bad air. Registers placed in windows or walls allows a gentle influx of pure air to replace that removed through the flue.

At first thought it may appear that such a contrivance would be effective only on windy days, as moving air is necessary to momentum. The fact is, however, that except during a few days in mid-summer, when schools are either not in session, or when all doors and windows may safely be left open, there is always air in motion at the level of the house-tops. No matter how still the air may be at the level of the ground at other times, it is almost impossible to find a day when flags on house-tops or shipping are not in motion, thus showing the existence of currents of air. A breeze that will lift a flag is amply sufficient to the purification of a schoolroom by the means suggested.

The District Telephone Companies employ various kinds of alarms by which attention can be called to messages about to be sent. Vibrating reeds and magneto call-bells of many patterns are found to be most efficient devices. A summons, however, sent to one house will necessarily be heard in all the houses or offices on the same circuit. In some localities this has been found to be very objectionable. There are many theoretical ways in which a call can be localized, so to speak. The most obvious way is to employ a set of reeds or tuning-fork which will only respond to definite notes. At the sending office the proper reed or other vibrating means is set in action, and the reed or tuning fork at one station responds only. There are, however, certain practical difficulties in the use of this method; it is comparatively costly and requires accurate adjustment. Niemoller, in a late article in *Wiedemann's Annalen der Physik und Chemie*, describes a simple method of setting a wire in vibration, which might be also turned to account in localizing calls on telephone circuits. A steel wire stretched between two points is provided with a platinum point at its middle; this point dips into a vessel containing mercury. A current of electricity is passed over the half length of the wire and a magnet placed above the middle point of the half length through which the current passes serves to maintain the vibration of the wire. The application of this simple interrupter to telephone circuits is obvious. At the sending office a wire could be stretched with definite weights over a long channel of mercury, and the length of the wire could be readily altered by simple bridges. In each office or station wires could be stretched on suitable sounding boards, provided with electro-magnets placed above their quarter lengths, and tuned to respond to the note of the wire at the central office. Only the wire which is of the proper length and tension would respond to the same length and tension of the wire at the central office. The wires could vibrate between bells or could strike when their amplitude of swing was at its greatest upon some sounding substance. This method also requires careful adjustment, but it is much cheaper than any system of reeds.—*Scientific American.*

How to Distinguish Mushrooms.—Amateur gatherers of mushrooms are often spoiled of their enjoyment in eating the result of their researches by the fear of poisoning in the shape of a venomous congeneric. A French contemporary gives a simple means whereby to distinguish the real from the spurious comestible. "The stem of a genuine mushroom is short, thick, and white, marked under the head with a promient ring. The head is white and regularly convex, the edges are bent inwards, the flesh is white and firm, the under leaves are deep pink, and separated as they approach, but do not touch the stem. When the mushroom grows old the hat-like shape changes; it becomes brown, flat, and scaly, the under leaves also turn brown. It is better when eaten young. Spurious mushrooms have their heads covered with warts and other membranaceous substances, which adhere to the upper surface; they are heavy, and spring from a species of bulb; they generally grow in bunches. When the mushrooms are doubtful sprinkle a little salt on the under and spongy part; if it turns yellow they are poisonous, if black they are good."—*Land and Water.*

Soothing Syrup.—On Monday evening an inquest was held at the Victoria Hotel, Ellor-street, Pendleton, before Mr. Price, district coroner, relative to the death of a child, five months old, the daughter of Richard Rawlinson, laborer, Salford. About a week ago the mother of the child obtained a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup. Since that time she had administered to the child ten drops of the syrup twice a day until last Friday. On that day the child showed symptoms of illness, and died whilst being nursed by its mother. The Coroner said the effects of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup were those of a narcotic, and according to the *Pharmaceutical Journal* of 1872 a child had died from two doses of it with all the symptoms of narcotic poisoning, and from analysis it had been shown that one ounce of the syrup contained nearly a grain of morphia with opium alkaloids. The same authority added that it was not to be wondered it should prove fatal to infants in small doses. The verdict of "Death from misadventure" was returned.—*Alliance News.*

A Lady writes of her experience with flies: For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast table, while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until a few days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained for a few days longer. Among other things moved were two boxes of geraniums and calceolarias, which stood in my windows, being always open to their full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me, is a new discovery, and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure, viz: window gardening. Mignonette planted in long, shallow boxes, placed on the window sill, will be found excellent for this purpose.

To Prevent sleeplessness.—The following convenient, and to most persons safe, remedy for insomnia, has been discovered by a lady in New Jersey: Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it up toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain-work or of pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon. A gentleman whose business responsibilities are numerous and heavy, told me that he had fallen into the habit of waking before day, when his business cares crowed his mind and no more sleep could be had. But the wet towel applied to the neck secures another freshing nap till daylight.

According to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a German, named Karl Steinbach, has made an important discovery in photography. After years of study and experiment, he has succeeded in obtaining a chemical composition by means of which a mirror image may be fixed and sold as a photograph. With this composition the mirror surface is painted, and the back part of the mirror receives also a coating of oil. The mirror thus prepared is held before the person who is to be photographed. The oil coating evaporates, and the likeness of the person remains in natural colors on the light surface. The image, so fixed, is brought in to a bath, and is exposed half an hour to sunlight, before delivery. A rich capitalist in Peru, it is said, has acquired this invention for $400,000, and large establishments are to be formed in North and South America for carrying it out.

The Scientific American says, if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito, or any other bloodsucker, will be found there in the morning. Mix potash with powdered meal, and throw it into the rat-holes of a cellar, and the rats will depart. If a rat or mouse gets into your pantry, stuff in its hole a rag saturated with a solution of cayenne pepper, and no rat or mouse will touch the rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

The aniline colors are not permanent. We have heard of the labels of boxes which were marked with aniline inks becoming entirely white, no vestige of a letter remaining, upon exposure to the sunshine in the transit, to the manifest inconvenience of the expressman. The writer having occasion to use some charts, made them partly with ordinary black ink and partly with crimson. In course of time the crimson faded away, leaving the black characters rather meaningless by themselves; and this in a position where no direct sun rays ever reached.

DOMESTIC.

To Remove Glass from old sashes, a mixture of three parts of potash with one part of unslacked lime, laid on both sides with a stick and allowed to remain for twenty-four hours, will soften the putty enough to cut out easily. This mixture will also take off paint and even tar.

Charcoal is one of the best deodorants, absorbing large volumes of gases. May be used in powder, mixed with lime or gypsum, and sprinkled freely in malodorous localities. Suspended in a basket, in cisterns, meat safes, dairies, etc., it tends to keep the contents from absorbing foul odors. Charcoal should be frequently reheated to drive off the absorbed gases and renew its efficiency.

Potato Cakes.—Take potatoes—mashed ones are best, boiled ones can be mashed—immediately after dinner, before getting cold, and about the same amount of flour and a small piece of butter, roll out and cut as if for biscuit, not too thick, and bake in rather quick oven. When done to a light brown, cut open, butter and eat warm.

Pickle Peaches.—Seven pounds of fruit; three pounds of white sugar; one quart of cider vinegar, not too strong; five cents worth each of cloves and cinnamon; boil and pour over your fruit once each day, for two days, then the third day set jar and all in water, and boil for one hour.

Canning Peaches.—Pare White Heath Clings and keep them covered in a deep jar until ready to use. Put one pint of water and four tablespoonfuls of pure white sugar (granulated I prefer) in the kettle; when dissolved, add three pints of seeded peaches. Cook them a few minutes, or until a silver fork will enter them easily, but not enough for the fruit to break; then put in cans and seal immediately. This fills a one-quart can. Pare only enough for four cans, unless two or three are assisting, as the peaches discolor by exposure to the air.

Fruit as Food.—The liberal use of the various fruits as food is conducive to good health. Fruit is not a solid and lasting aliment like beef and bread, as it is composed largely of water, and contains very little nitrogen. It does not give strength to any great extent, and cannot be used for a long time alone. But fruits contain those acids which both refresh and give tone to the system during the season when it is most needed; are agreeable to the palate, and valuable in their cooling and health-giving effects. During warm weather eat plenty of fruit, provided of course, that it is always thoroughly ripe and as freshly gathered as is possible.

A Good Beef Dumpling.—Take a basin with one pound and a half of flour, quarter pound of fresh suet, a pinch of soda, and a pinch of salt; mix it well, and make up a paste with the rolling-pin; spread the paste out into a bowl with a floured cloth below; then take three-quarters of a pound of stewing steak and chop it fine, add one or two onions, a little pepper, and salt; put half a cupful of lukewarm water in, and close it up. Take away the bowl, tie up the cloth, and put into boiling water sufficient to cover the dumpling. Let it boil for two hours and a half, with a flat plate under it to keep it from burning. This pudding, with potatoes, will suffice for five or six persons.

Cooking Beans.—Sir Henry Thompson says, in the *Nineteenth Century*, that to cook beans properly they must be treated thus: Soak, say, a quart of the dried haricots in cold water for about twelve hours, after which place them in a saucepan, with two quarts of cold water and a little salt, on the fire; when boiling remove to the corner and simmer slowly until the beans are tender, the time required being about two or three hours. This quantity will fill a large dish, and may be eaten with salt and pepper. It will be greatly improved at small cost by the addition of a bit of butter, or of melted butter with parsley, or if an onion or two have been sliced and stewed with the haricots. A better dish still may be made by putting all or part, after boiling, into a shallow frying-pan, and lightly frying for a few minutes with a little lard and some sliced onions; with a few slices of bacon added, a comparatively luxurious and highly nutritive meal may be made. But there is still in the saucepan, after boiling, a residue of value, which the French peasant's wife, who turns everything to account, utilizes in a manner quite incomprehensible to the Englishwoman. The water in which dried haricots have stewed, and also that in which green French beans have been boiled, contains a proportion of nutritious matter. The French woman always preserves this liquor carefully, cuts and fries some onions, adds these and some thick slices of bread, a little salt and pepper, with a pot-herb or two from the corner of the garden, and thus serves hot an agreeable and useful *croute au pot.*

LITTLE FAITH.

BY MRS. WALTON, AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

(*From Sunday at Home.*)

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Then she looked out of the window. John Robinson's stall was not more than thirty yards away. She could see him quite well, surrounded, as he was, by flaring naphtha lights; but he could not see her at all in the darkness and shadow of the church porch.

This was just what little Faith wanted. She stood there for a long time watching him. He looked very sad, she thought, and very tired. Nobody seemed to be buying anything, and she longed to run across the road, and spend her penny at the stall. If only she could be somebody else, for just one moment, and run across and buy a penny toy, that he might have one more penny to take home to Mrs. Gubbins!

What would Mrs. Gubbins say if he brought her nothing home to-night?

Well, there would be one mouth the less to feed; that was a comfort; she could not blame him any more for giving the children's bread to her.

How anxiously Faith watched for customers to the stall; and how glad she was when at last an old man stopped and bought one of the best sixpenny pipes!

But her father did not seem half as glad as she thought he would have been. He put the money in his pocket, but he did not look a bit pleased. He did not seem to be thinking much about it. All the time the old man was there, all the time he was showing off his wares, all the time he was waiting for purchasers, he was gazing up and down the street, first this way and then that way, as if he were looking for some one.

"Can he be looking for me?" said Faith to herself. "Oh, I hope he doesn't miss me so much. P'raps I oughtn't never to have run away, but ought to have stopped with him and cheered him up. But I did it all for him. Mrs. Gubbins goes on at him so about me! Oh, dear, oh, dear; I hope he isn't very unhappy!"

There was a low stone seat on each side of the church porch, and Faith sat down on this, and hid her face in her hands and cried. She was very tired and disheartened. Once she thought she would go out, and go back to her father; but then she did not dare to go back to Mrs. Gubbins' again, till she had found a situation for herself. No, she could not do that.

But night was coming on, and where should she sleep? She would be very frightened indeed, if she had to be out alone in the street all night!

What could she do? Should she pray again? She thought she would. Perhaps, if she asked the Lord Jesus again to help her, He would hear her. She could not understand why He had not heard her before. It was very strange! But she would try once more. She would tell Him how tired and lonely she was, and how much she was afraid of being out in the street all night. Perhaps, when He saw how very unhappy she was, He would tell her where to go.

Faith was just going to kneel down, when she heard the sound of singing inside the church. She put her ear to the door and listened.

Faith thought she had never heard such a beautiful tune. She opened the door just a little crack, that she might, if possible, hear the words, and then she peeped in.

To her astonishment she could not see any one in the church. One or two of the gas-lamps were lighted, and she could see the great stone pillars, and the high arches, and long aisles of the old church, but she could not see a single man or woman or child. There were a great many pews, but they were all empty; and there was a high pulpit, but there was no one standing in it. She opened the door a little wider and went in. There did not seem to be any one in the old church but herself.

Where could the singing have come from?

Faith walked a few steps farther into the church, and then she stopped again. She felt rather afraid at the sound of her feet upon the stone pavement.

The singing had stopped, but presently she heard the voice of some one reading aloud. The voice seemed to come from the other side of the church. After waiting for some minutes, Faith walked on tip-toe in that direction. She wanted very much to know from whence the sound came.

Presently, she saw a door in that part of the church open, and an old man looked out, to see who was walking about in the church. He caught sight of Faith, and came towards her. She felt very much inclined to run away; she was afraid he would be angry with her for coming into the church.

But the old man did not look cross or vexed, but smiled at her as he came up, so Faith settled not to run away.

When the old man was close to her, he asked her, in a whisper, what she wanted.

"Please, sir," said Faith, "I wanted to hear 'em sing; they was a singing so beautifully when I was outside there; but I couldn't find nobody!"

"They're all in the vestry," said the old verger; "it's prayer-meeting night. It's always prayer-meeting of a Saturday night. You'll have to sit very still if I let you come in."

"Will they let me in?" said Faith, in a faltering voice; "won't they be cross if I go?"

"PLEASE, SIR, I WANTED TO HEAR 'EM SING."

"Oh, no," said the man; "not if I takes you, bairn, and if you're a good girl. Come along, you can sit on the seat by me." So he gave Faith his hand, and took her into the vestry.

The vestry was nearly full. There were about thirty people present, sitting in rows, and the minister was standing in front of them, reading a chapter out of the Bible. Then they knelt down and prayed.

Little Faith was very tired and sleepy. She sat in the corner by the old verger, and he kept nodding kindly to her, but the warmth and comfort of the room, after her bad night, and after the cold and fatigue of the day made her eyes very heavy.

Presently as the minister was reading again she fell asleep

She had not been asleep more than a minute or two when she was wakened up suddenly by hearing her own name. She had been dreaming of Mother Mary, and thought she was sitting beside Mother Mary's bed, as she had done for so many days and nights before she died, and then she thought some one asked her a question, and this question awoke her:

"Little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

She started up and opened her eyes, but Mother Mary was not there! Faith found herself in the vestry, on the seat beside the old man, and he looked very surprised to see her jump up so suddenly.

And yet she felt quite sure that she had really heard a voice asking her that question; yes, and she felt quite sure that it was the same voice was reading now! It was the minister who had said:

"Little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

How could he know about her? Who could have told him that her name was little Faith? How did he know that she had been praying and had not got an answer to her prayer, and was beginning to doubt?

Jesus must have told him; she felt sure of that; nobody else knew.

The minister did not say anything more about her. She listened very attentively now, but he did not mention her name again. He was reading about a ship, and the wind ceasing, and the ship getting to land.

It was very strange that he should have stopped in the middle to speak to her!

But little Faith felt she had got a message from Heaven. Jesus must have told him to ask her that question; He was very sorry she had doubted Him, and had told the minister to tell her so.

Faith said to herself that she would never doubt any more. She was quite sure now that she would have an answer to her prayer, very soon indeed. Her Friend had heard her after all, and was going to help her. She felt quite glad and happy, and as if a great weight had been taken off her heart.

CHAPTER IV.—A HAPPY SUNDAY.

The prayer was over, the blessing was given, and the people rose to go.

But little Faith still sat on. The old verger came up to her, and told her kindly that it was all done now, and she had better be thinking of going home, as it was getting late, and he was going to lock the church up.

"Please, sir," said little Faith, "do you think the minister would let me speak to him?"

"Aye, to be sure," said the old man; "wait a minute and I'll ask him."

The minister was talking to an old lady who had stopped behind the rest to tell him of some one who was ill, and wanted to see him. As soon as she had done speaking the verger went up to

him, and pointing to Faith said, "Here's a little girl as has been sitting by me in the meeting, wants to speak to you, sir."

The minister called Faith to him, and asked her what she wanted.

"Please, sir," said the child, "I won't never do it again."

"You won't do what, my child?" said the minister.

"I won't never doubt Him again," said little Faith. "It was very wrong, I know it was—Mother Mary said so; but I won't do it no more, I won't. Did He tell you to speak to me, and to ask me that?"

The minister looked very puzzled.

"What does she mean, Barnes?" he said to the old verger. "When did I speak to her and ask her anything? I cannot remember that I ever saw her before."

"Please, sir," said Faith, "it was just now, when I was a-sitting there by him. I was very tired with walking about all day, and I was very nigh asleep, and then I heard you calling of me, and asking that."

"I think you must have been dreaming, dear child," said the minister; "I never asked you anything."

"Didn't you?" said little Faith, in a very disappointed voice, "Oh! I thought it was you; it must have been a dream then?"

"What was it, dear?" said the old lady, who had been putting on her cloak whilst they were talking "What did you think Mr. Barker asked you?"

"Please, ma'am," said Faith, with tears in her eyes, "I heard somebody saying to me, 'Little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' and I thought it was the minister, and that Jesus had told him what they called me, and all about me."

"Oh, I see now, I think," said the minister, kindly; "is your name Faith?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, "Faith Emerson."

"It was in the chapter I read to-night," said Mr. Barker to the old lady. "Don't you remember Jesus said to Peter, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt'?"

"Yes! of course," said the old lady, "that was it. Poor child, wasn't it strange?"

"Then Jesus didn't tell you about me, after all?" said the child.

"No," said Mr. Barker, "but I am sure, if you have been doubting Him, little Faith, that He has sent you here that I might ask you that question. I am quite sure He meant it for you. Now will you not tell me why you have been doubting Him; what was it about?"

Little Faith burst into tears. "Oh, please," she said, "Mrs. Gubbins says I'm taking bread out of the children's mouths, so I've run away to be a little servant, and nobody wants me. I walked about all day asking of people, and there isn't nobody as wants me. I've asked at all the little shops, and none of 'em wants a girl just now; and I've asked the folks in the street, and none of 'em wanted anybody either. There isn't nobody wants me! And afore I started I asked Jesus to help me, and He hasn't helped me a bit yet, and now I don't know whatever I shall do to-night!"

"Now," said the minister, "I want to hear all about it. Sit down on the seat beside me, and tell me. And first, who is Mrs. Gubbins?"

Little Faith sat down beside the minister, and little by little he got from her her history, and when she had told him all, and he understood quite well what she wanted, he turned to the old lady, who was waiting and listening also, and asked her advice as to what was to be done.

"Don't you think it would be well if you were to go home with your father to-night, Faith, and stop with him till I hear of a situation for you?" said the old lady.

"Oh! please not," said Faith, "I don't want never to go back to Mrs. Gubbins again. What would she say? She'd maybe be ever so angry with me. Oh, please don't send me back, till I can tell them I have a little place."

"Well, Mr. Barker," said the old lady, after thinking for a minute or two, "I'll take little Faith home with me to-night. She may stop with me till Monday, and then we can talk about it again, and see what can be done."

"That is indeed good of you, Mrs. Fraser," said the minister. "Little Faith, Jesus has heard your prayer, you see, and has sent this kind lady to help you."

Little Faith was smiling very happily now, poor child; she felt as if the burden had been rolled away from her.

They went out of the vestry, and walked through the old church, where Barnes was putting out the gaslights. Then they came to the church porch, and Faith could see her father. He was still standing behind the stall, holding up his wares to the passers-by.

"Please, ma'am," said Faith to the old lady, "that's my father."

"Had we not better go and tell him, Faith?" she said.

"No, please not," said little Faith, "not till I've got a little place; please don't tell him now."

So when they got to the gate the old lady and Faith went the other way round the church. The minister said "Good night," for he was going to see the sick person of whom Mrs. Fraser had told him.

Mrs. Fraser took hold of Faith's hand, and they went on down several streets, till they came to the old lady's house. They stopped before the door, and Mrs. Fraser rang the bell. It was not at all a large house, but it looked

SHE GAVE HER SUCH A SUPPER.

very grand and beautiful to little Faith. There was a small bow window on one side of the door. The venetian blinds were down, but not closed, and the flickering of the fire-light within looked very comfortable and inviting.

The door was opened by a clean, tidy servant, in a white muslin apron, and white cap.

"Now, Ellen," said her mistress, "I've brought this little girl to spend Sunday here; will you give her some tea, and take care of her. Now Faith, go with Ellen; I am sure you will be happy with her."

Faith followed Ellen into the cosy little kitchen, where there was a warm, blazing fire, and Ellen told her to sit down on a stool in front of the fire, whilst she got her mistress' supper ready.

Faith sat still, and watched Ellen moving about the kitchen quickly and yet quietly, and setting out the supper tray very neatly and prettily, and she wondered if ever she would be so clever, and be able to be of so much use as a servant.

Then the tray was carried into the room, and Ellen came back to attend to Faith. She made the child take off her wet frock, and brought down a warm jacket of her own for Faith to wear till her frock was dry. And then she gave her such a supper as Faith had not had for many a day, certainly not since Mother Mary died. The food and the hot coffee brought a color into her pale cheeks, and Ellen declared she looked "a sight better now."

Faith was very glad to go to bed, and slept very soundly after her long, tiring day.

The next day was Sunday, and what a happy Sunday it was for Faith! She went with Ellen to the old church, and sat beside her, and heard the minister preach and the people sing, and she thought it must be very like that in heaven where Mother Mary was.

Then after tea she and Ellen went into the dining-room to old Mrs. Fraser, and they read a chapter together in the Bible, and the old lady talked to them about it. Faith could read a little; she had always gone to school when Mother Mary was alive, except on market days, and then her father had heard her read to him as they sat together on the box behind the stall. Faith was very pleased to be allowed to read her verse in turn.

Mrs. Fraser chose the chapter which the minister had read at the prayer-meeting on Saturday night, and in which came the question, which Faith had heard as she woke up from sleep: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

"Do you love the Lord Jesus, little Faith?" said Mrs. Fraser, when she had done reading.

"Yes, ma'am," said little Faith, "ever so much, I do."

"Why do you love Him, Faith?" asked the old lady.

"Please, ma'am, because He died for me; Mother Mary said I couldn't never go to heaven, if Jesus hadn't died for me; she said God would have had to have punished me for being naughty so often, and couldn't never have taken me to live in His beautiful home, if Jesus hadn't been punished 'stead of me. It *was* good of Him, it was!"

(To be Continued.)

AN OLD CLERGYMAN SAID: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy—my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

THERE IS a pleasure in contemplating good; there is a greater pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

The Family Circle.

SUN AND WIND.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The sun goes forth to war,
  And he rides on the noonday hot;
His quiver is full and his sword is bare,
  And he searches each secret spot,
Where a dew-drop may hide himself away,
And he bends his bow and he seeks to slay.

But behind the terrible sun,
  Like a bride on a pillion set,
Comes the sweet West Wind riding on,
  And with fingers cool and wet
She touches the arrows as they fly,
And blunts their points ere they leave the sky.

The cowering dew-drop knows
  Her voice and is less afraid:
The clematis and the pink wild rose,
  They smile content in the shade.
If the kind West Wind were not there,
To smile at each other they would not dare.

Straight into the room she flies
  When the sun beats hard on the blind,
And she sings us comforting melodies
  And bids us not to mind.
What should we do, where should we flee,
If the West Wind came not to you and to me?

—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE BRASS ANDIRONS.

(*Sunday Afternoon.*)

For thirty years old Eben Farwell had lived alone in his father's homestead. Its walls had grown grayer, its roof more sunken, its furniture blacker and more rusty, while he repaired nothing and added nothing. Now he was dead, and his two nieces, children respectively of his brother and his sister, were rambling through the house with the purpose of dividing the personal effects. They shuddered and exclaimed over the dirt in holes and corners, all the evidences of the old bachelor's careless, grimy life. But the solid old mahogany chairs, chests of drawers and tables which had been the property of his respectable mother had suffered but slight injury from dust and neglect, and were contemplated by the thrifty heirs not without satisfaction. One of the young women was much more vivacious in her movements and exclamations than the other, and was apparently more deeply shocked by the disorder of the house. Her name was Lois Hewitt. The other, Sarah Lovell, accepted things more quietly. She had been better acquainted with her uncle's ways. She had penetrated his solitude during his latter days so as to be allowed some knowledge of his real life. She had entered no protests against his habits; exercising thereby a degree of prudence that would have been impossible for Lois, who could never come in contact with him without feeling an impatience of his stupid ways which she made little attempt to conceal.

Sarah and Lois were not only cousins, but had been intimate friends from childhood. They were dividing the various articles very amicably, till as they ascended the garret stairs Lois said:

"If you see anything you would like to set off against my grandmother's brass andirons, let me know. I want to keep those. Grandma used to say they should be mine because I had her name. She always set store by them."

Sarah colored slightly and looked perplexed. If you had been near her you might have seen a slight stiffening go through her whole frame, as if she were nerving her gentle yet very stubborn nature for a combat. She asked:

"Do you mean those low ones that used to stand in the room that was hers?"

"Yes."

Sarah made a little sound as if clearing her throat. She found it an effort to speak. "Why, Lois," she said, "they are not here now. The fact is I bought them of Uncle Eben one day, two or three months ago."

Lois faced about upon her. "You bought them of Uncle Eben?"

"Yes, I saw them with a lot of old things tumbled into a closet and I asked him if he had no use for them if he'd sell them to me, and he said he would. So I paid for them and took them home."

"And you never told me!" There was anger and chagrin in Lois' face.

"I—I—didn't think of it. How could I know you set store by them, Lois?"

Her words conveyed an untruth. Hers was a retentive mind, and quite clear among its memories was Lois' wish, accidentally expressed many years ago, to possess those andirons. She had remembered it when she bought them, and frequently since. But their shape and brightness had taken her fancy as well as Lois'; she had seen her opportunity and made the most of it. Lois with her keen gaze, suspected the falsity, and her sense of the unfriendliness of the act increased the anger caused by her disappointment.

"You did know!" she said. "It was just like you, Sarah Lovell. You took a mean advantage. What right had you to come here pretending to be kind to Uncle Eben, and getting away grandmother's things? I should like to know what else you bought of him?"

"You've no right to speak so to me, Lois," said Sarah. "I bought nothing else; and I'd a perfect right to buy those."

"You had not, without letting me know! And he'd no right to sell them either."

"I don't see why."

"Because they were promised to me."

"But we did not know that, Lois."

"Well you know it now. I tell you, Sarah Lovell, I haven't expected to have those andirons all these years to give them up now. Since you've bought them I'll pay you your price for them; but I mean to have them. I didn't have an open fire-place built in my best chamber for nothing. I always calculated to put those andirons there, and I mean to still."

Sarah looked very dogged, but she tried to expostulate reasonably:

"I don't see how you can compel me to give them up, Lois. Of course I bought them because I wanted them. I've let you have your own choice here a great deal to-day. I don't see why you should fly out about such a little thing."

Lois looked at her, angered past all forbearance.

"You've given me my choice! Well, you may take your own now. I'll divide no more property with you, Sarah Lovell. Take what you like, and leave what you like! I'm sick of your underhand ways; I'm going home." And she hurried away, slamming the door of the silent house behind her.

Sarah thus left alone stood still a moment, striving to satisfy what she felt to be the needless faintness of her good conscience. Though pained and somewhat heartsick she wavered not from any of her little purposes. She meant always to be just and justifiable. With quiet persistence she soon resumed her business. She had had the equitable division of Uncle Eben's things long mapped out in her mind. In her friendly labors with Lois this morning, her plans had been followed quite closely, though unrevealed. She had known pretty well what things Lois would best like, as well as her own compensations. She could almost always manage her cousin. But Lois must be expected to "fly out" sometimes.

She finished putting her little chalk-mark on the things her husband was to bring away for her to-night. She took no advantage of Lois' absence, leaving perhaps a more generous share than she would have done if she had not been still resolved to keep the andirons. That night she sent to Lois the key of the old house with a little note which read as follows:

"*Dear Lois:*

"I send the key of the house. I was sorry to finish dividing the things without you, but I tried to consult what I thought would be your wishes, and if you feel dissatisfied about anything won't you let me know? I am sorry I made you angry, Lois, and that you were so disappointed about the andirons. I would like to give them up to you, but we have got used to having them, and Reuben likes them, and says he knows you will not think it unkind of us to keep them when you come to think it over. And I too feel sure you will not long cherish any hard feelings toward

"Your friend and cousin,

"SARAH."

The smooth tone of this note was not at first without some effect upon Lois. But as she laid it down and her mind reverted to the circumstances of the quarrel, her anger rose again. Her grievance had a hurt in it beyond mere disappointment about the andirons. The touch of hardness and deceit she had felt in Sarah seemed to her something she could not forgive. "The artful, circumventing thing!" she exclaimed. "She thinks she can make it all right with fair words. It's just like her!"

"What is the matter?" asked her husband, who heard the soliloquy.

"She won't give them up—the andirons."

"Well, I wouldn't think any more about it. You can get some as good somewhere else."

"No, I can't. They were my grandmother Farwell's, and she promised them to me. Besides it's so mean of Sarah! It's just the way she's done over and over again all our lives. She's always been having her own way with me in some underhanded fashion. I vow she shan't do it again. I'll be even with her this time. I told her I'd have them and I will. 'Twill do her good through and through to be come up with!"

"But what can you do?" said her husband, smiling at the vigor of her tone and the sparkle of her eye.

"You'll see what I'll do," was the answer. "I don't see what she wanted of them," she continued after a while. "She never came to this town till after Grandma Farwell died; and I grew up in the house and used to play in her room half the time when I was a child. Many's the time she tied a long apron round my neck and let me help her scour those andirons. And I used to sit whole afternoons roasting apples she hung between them for me, and watching the light flickering from the brass tops. I would have given more for them than for anything else in the house. They belong to me if she did buy 'em!"

If Lois' mind wavered from its purpose it was with reflections like these that she confirmed it.

The next day she asked her husband to leave the horse harnessed for her as she wanted to drive out on some errands. It was Wednesday afternoon, and she knew it was Sarah's habit to go to the women's prayer-meeting on that day. Lois' movements as she went about putting her house in order that noon, were over-strong and decided. As she dressed her little boy, she jerked him into his clothes with such needless energy that the child rebelled and ran away into a corner, persisting that he did not want to go to ride with mamma. He was carried screaming to the waggon-seat, and only pacified by being told that he was going to see Cousin Clara.

Cousin Clara, Mrs. Lovell's three-years old child, was climbing upon the gate of the door-yard beyond whose precints she had been forbidden to go till her mother's return. Mother had gone to meeting she said, when cousin Lois and her little Farwell drove up to the gate. Clara was one of those preternaturally good and wise little ones who can be trusted with the care of themselves from their very cradles. She had been very happy playing in the yard alone, but she looked radiant when Farwell was lifted from the wagon to sit with her on the door-steps. Though Mrs. Lovell was not at home, Lois wanted to go into the house to look for something. She knew just where to look. In the spare chamber where one might want to have a fire occasionally without the trouble or expense of putting up a stove, there were the andirons—just where Lois meant to put them in her own house. With a sense of triumph she grasped one in either firm hand, carried them down-stairs and put them in her waggon. Clara looked surprised to see them go. But she was not old enough to mistrust that her elders could do wrong, or to know the "value of property."

"Tell your mother I've left a note for her on the kitchen table," said Lois. Then she picked up the reluctant Farwell, and drove away. The note ran as follows:

"I have taken the andirons because I have the first right to them, and you know it. I will pay whatever you think right for them; but I expect to keep them."

And now the andirons stood upon the clean hearth in Lois's spare-room, just as she had in anticipation arranged them ever since she had a house of her own. Flushed with victory she took her husband up to see them that night. He shrugged his shoulders at her lawless proceeding, but as she stood, handsome, laughing, and triumphant, justifying her high-handed conduct with fluent tongue, he said to himself, that a fine, strong woman like his Lois must be allowed to take the bit between her teeth sometimes.

"They'll be mad with you, Lois!" he said.

"They'll get over it," she answered. "It'll do Sarah good."

But if ever people felt they had just grounds for resentment those people were the Lovells. To have had their house entered in their absence and their property abstracted was an outrage indeed.

Reuben was more hurt and angry than his wife, and even talked of taking the law on the Howitts. But Sarah's prudence restrained him from any such measure. "It's beneath us," she declared, "to say another word about the matter. Only," stiffening in the way peculiar to her when she felt her cause to be just, "I do not see how we can hold any more intercourse with them till Lois has made an apology."

"I'll give Hewitt a piece of my mind the first time I see him," cried Reuben; "and unless he sees right done we'll never speak to 'em again."

Now, Sarah had been pricked in her conscience at the prayer-meeting that afternoon by the little, little wrong she had done Lois in buying those andirons; a wrong so slight she thought no one but a person of feelings as sensitive as her own could have considered it as a wrong at all. Had she been left to her conscience she might have righted the grievance, which was now so outdone by Lois' outrageous offence that it seemed more than justified.

There was something else Lois failed to take into account when she said, "They'll soon get over it." That was her own "getting over it." A wrong done us may be forgiven, but how we may forgive those whom we have injured is a grave problem. If Lois felt hard to Sarah when aggrieved by her, she felt harder now that Sarah was to her the cause of self-accusation. She grew less desirous to have the Lovells get over it, for she soon felt that reconciliation implied not only yielding on their part, but some humiliating acknowledgments on her own.

There were some angry words between Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Lovell, and then the families who had been each other's most congenial companions; whose interests were wholly alike; whose lands touched one another's; whose children were bred in the same schools, and who sat in the same church and heard the same gospel of peace and good-will, maintained hardness of heart toward one another, and exchanged no speech for more than twelve years.

About the end of that time, one pleasant spring evening, Mrs. Lovell looked up from her sewing and saw her only daughter Clara, who had been with some friends on a walk into the woods, returning accompanied by Farwell Hewitt. She dropped her work at once, and first a look of alarm, then of resolution, passed over her face. This same thing had happened about a week before, greatly to her surprise and displeasure. She had then cautioned Clara against any companionship with her cousin; but the girl was gentle and sweet-tempered; rudeness was impossible to her, her mother thought, while Farwell had a firm and eager will, and was not to be lightly shaken off. Mrs. Lovell was resolved to take the matter in hand herself.

The grounds of her displeasure were not wholly, or indeed chiefly, in the long unfriendliness between the families. It was Farwell himself whom she feared as a companion for Clara. He had not a good name in the village. He was wayward and headstrong. His parents knew not how to govern him. He would not work or study with any regularity, but delighted in reckless feats of physical vigor, in the invention of wild and dangerous sports, and in the use of his personal power to fascinate or frighten children younger, gentler, and more conscientious than himself. In his childhood he had zealously shared his mother's feeling toward the Lovells, and had displayed it by making himself the very terror of Clara's life. But as years passed and that enmity sunk in his parents' hearts to little else than proud shame, it lost its force in Farwell's also, and was gradually disarmed altogether by Clara's gentleness and beauty. In their various places of meeting, at the houses of mutual friends, he had lately begun to seek her society more and more eagerly. Mrs. Lovell was now resolved to put an end to this. She went out to the gate, where the boy and girl were standing, bidding him "Good evening" very pleasantly.

"You are late to-night, my dear," she said to Clara, very gently; "and I think you must be very tired. You may go into the house now, for I want to say a few words to Farwell."

Farwell's keen gray eyes were fixed wonderingly upon her. She cleared her throat, and hesitated a little for speech. She would have liked it if hard things might always be done without being said.

"You have been home once or twice with Clara," she said, still very gently. "Of course you and she meet one another everywhere, and I do not desire that you should meet otherwise than kindly. But you know that our families are not upon friendly terms. And I do not think your father and mother would wish you to be intimate with Clara, on that account."

Farwell was blushing hotly now with rage and shame. "They have no right—" he began, but Mrs. Lovell stopped him.

"Hush!" she said. "I want to speak with perfect frankness, Farwell. I am consulting my own feelings as well as theirs. It would not be pleasant for me to have you visiting here when your parents do not."

"You have no right—" again cried poor Farwell, and again was overborne by Mrs. Lovell's gentle composure.

"I feel it my duty," she said, "to forbid Clara your company when you meet her anywhere. It will be best for you to have as little to do with her as possible, if you do not wish to force her to be rude to you."

Poor Farwell stood looking down in angry mortification. If she had told him plainly the truth of her motives, that it was himself she feared, she would have done less harm. Deep resentment toward his mother as the cause of this disappointment was rising in his mind. In spite of a strong natural feeling of loyalty to her, he wanted to make some plea for himself as not involved in her action.

"Because my mother—" he began; but Mrs. Lovell again interrupted him.

"I do not wish to talk with you about your mother," she said. "I feel no unkindness toward her. I hope you will grow up a good boy, and be a comfort to her. But I have said now all I wanted to say, and it

would be useless for us to talk any more." And with that she bade him good-night.

Farwell walked away with bitterness in his heart. He was not a happy boy, being so often in disgrace with himself and the world, and knowing less and less as he grew older what to do with his wilful, moody temper. Only with Clara, who was so gentle and kind, he had been conscious lately of none but noble and amiable feelings; therefore with her he had been self-respecting and happy, and he felt now as if an inalienable right had been denied him in her companionship. He laid the blame wholly upon his father and mother. It was their quarrel in which he had been hurt. It was his mother's rash and wrong act that had now deprived him of the pleasantest thing in his life.

He said nothing of his special grievance on his arrival home. But one glance at his clouded face advised all of the temper he was in. His brothers, who would have reminded him of certain tasks that belonged to him, shrank away to perform these themselves. His mother very gently and timidly called him to his supper. He made no response whatever to her call. His father felt outraged by his disrespectful manner.

"Come here this instant and sit down at the table," he cried.

Farwell obeyed so far as to seat himself as directed, with an indifference more irritating than refusal would have been, and sat sullenly refusing to eat. His father eyed him with increasing anger.

"I will not bear this!" he cried at last. "Go upstairs this instant. You are not fit to be about among us, and I will lock you up till you can use better manners."

(*To be continued.*)

JACK'S LESSON.

Here is a true story. Jack H. told it to me of his own boyhood. He was born and reared in the North of Ireland. The winters there are not usually severe, he says, but occasionally they have very deep snows.

Father came through the shed where I was fixing straps to my new snow-shoes one day, and said, "Jack, do you get the sheep together, before night, in the lower fold. It looks as if this storm would last all night; and if it should, it may be easier done to-day than to-morrow."

I looked up through the open door at the snow, which was falling gently and steadily. It did not seem to me to be much of a storm. But I had been taught unquestioning obedience, and only replied, "Yes, sir, I will," and went on with my work. Before it was finished Tom Higgins came, and he had a new plan for making a rabbit-trap, and we spent half the forenoon trying to carry it into execution, and the short winter day passed and the sheep were not folded. In short, it quite slipped my memory, only to be recalled by my father's question as he drew the Bible toward him for evening worship: "Jack, have you folded those sheep?"

The blood leaped to my forehead as I was forced to reply, "No, sir. I got to playing with Tom, and forgot it."

The silence that followed my reply was dreadful to me. If my father had upbraided me with violent anger, I think I could have borne it better.

"I am very sorry, sir," I stammered out at last.

"I fear you will have reason to be," said my father. "If those sheep are lost to-night remember there will be no more play for you till they are found. People who will not take trouble will be overtaken by trouble."

Nothing more was said. The reading and the psalms and the prayer over, I slipped quietly away to bed, taking a peep as I went through the shed door, to see how the storm was progressing. I saw it had increased and the wind was rising.

Nothing had power to keep me long awake in those days, however, so I slept soundly. In the morning I found the storm was still raging. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the wind was drifting it into the hollows and packing it away into solid masses. Father came in from taking a survey of the weather, bringing a rod full fifteen feet long.

"The snow is deep," said he; "I am troubled about those sheep; they always seek shelter in the hollows and along the hedges, just where the drifts will be deepest. How we shall find them I do not know. I hope you are ready for a week's hard work, my son Jack?"

"Yes, sir; I am very sorry, and will do my best," I replied.

"Your best would have gone much farther yesterday than it will to-day. But we won't spend our strength groaning over a bad job. After breakfast we will go out and try what we can do."

"In this storm, father?" said my mother, deprecatingly. "It is the worst storm of the year. The snow blows so you can scarce find your way."

"There are two hundred of those sheep," said my father. "I can't afford to lose them."

Breakfast over, we bound on our snow-shoes, and with the long pole and a snow-shovel went out to seek for the lost sheep. It cleared a little before noon, though the wind still sent the snow whirling about our faces; so it was not easy or agreeable working. Father found one here and another there, and I was set to dig them out. Fifteen sheep were found and brought home that day.

The next day the neighbors came and helped, for the weather had moderated, and there was always danger that a sudden thaw would follow such deep snows and the sheep be drowned before they could be rescued. One by one, or in twos and threes, the poor creatures were found and taken from the snow. But at the end of a week of hard work there were still seventy-five missing.

"How long will any live under the snow, father?" I asked when a second week of work had only reduced the number of missing sheep to forty.

"I've heard of their living three weeks. We will keep on as long as we can find any alive," said my father.

The snow had settled into compact masses near thirty feet deep in some of the valleys, but we still found now and then a sheep by the hole which the warm breath of the creature made in the snow as it rose. I searched diligently for these holes. Little I cared that I had not had a moment's play in all the days since the storm. I was most anxious that all the sheep should be found alive. I think the first real prayers I ever offered were sent up then that the thaw might keep away till all the sheep were found.

It did keep away wonderfully. At the end of three weeks all but twenty-four were rescued. Still, we searched, and now and then found a poor creature, famished and emaciated, but alive, which we carried to the farmhouse and consigned to my mother and the girls, who chafed and fed and tended till it was won back to a degree of strength, while we spared no time from the search.

"It's no use to hunt longer; the rest are all dead," said my father one night when we were coming home dispirited and weary, having found five of the poor things lying together drowned in one of the hollows. "You look thin and pale, Jack. You have worked well. I think I must release you now."

But I would not be released. The word had been, "No play till every sheep is found," and, alive or dead, they should all be found. I toiled alone next day, but I found three, and one was alive. The thaw carried away the snow so fast that I had less and less area to search over now. But it was poor encouragement to work, for all I found were dead. A dozen times I was tempted to yield to my mother's persuasions not to throw away any more labor. But my father said not a word, and I kept on.

"The sheep are all found now, father; I took off the pelt of the last of the dead to-day," I said one evening when he came in late from work.

"Well, Jack, this lesson has cost me almost a score of sheep and both of us a good deal of hard work; but if it teaches you to be faithful to all your duties in future, I shall not be sorry."

"Thank you, father?" said I; and I vowed inwardly that it should, and I believe that it did.—*Congregationalist.*

OUT-DOOR SPORTS FOR BOYS.

We encountered a learned lawyer the other day, who was just starting with his eleven-year old son on a two-months' trip to the Salmon River. "I don't want my boy," he said, "to go to a fashionable sea-side resort, to dawdle about all day, and waste his evenings at 'hops' and dress-parties, and thus come to think these things the great object in a young man's life. I want him to learn all kinds of manly, out-door sports; and so I am taking him with me to teach him how to camp out, and fish, and rough it like a man."

There is sound sense in this view of boyish sports. It is far removed from the system of bodily training which culminates in the boat-race, the various objections to which, physical and moral, we need not now point out. It is good for boys to be out in the open air, where the sweet influences of nature, however unconscious of them they may be at the time, will be sure to impress themselves indelibly upon their minds and hearts. And the kind of physical exercise they get in fishing, tramping through the woods, horseback riding, swimming, archery and the hundred other simple methods of healthful out-door sport, not only hardens the muscles and broadens the chest, but quickens the mind as no amount of exercise under the direction of a "professor of gymnastics" can possibly do. Indeed, the free action of the mind in sports of this kind is one of the most important elements in the development of bodily vigor—a debt which the body generously repays in giving a healthier activity to the mind.

Parents who afford their growing boys opportunities to enjoy these invigorating pastimes, and who, as far as possible, take part with them in the sport, do wisely. They are twice blessed in doing it—they not only confer happiness, but receive it; and receive it not only at the moment, but in after years, as they see their boys growing into strong, active young men, with wholesome tastes and elastic spirits. Not many fathers are able, to be sure, to spend six or eight weeks in the woods with their boys; but there are many sports that require only a moderate expenditure of time and money, for the enjoyment of which parents may at least furnish the proper facilities. Every boy ought to learn to swim. Every boy should know how to manage a horse. Either of these may be of the utmost importance to him at some time in his life. But besides these useful arts, how many pleasant things there are for boys to do, which they are not always able to do without parental help and encouragement!

If we could reach the ear of every father of a boy in the land, we would say, "Don't fail to give your boy a chance to become a manly young man, by providing him with such advantages as you can afford for developing his muscles and toning up his spirit, until he takes pleasure in pastimes that will make him strong in body and manly in temper. And begin to do it this summer, if your boy is out of leading-strings."—*Examiner.*

A MUSTARD SEED.

More than thirty years ago a tract visitor, passing through the wards of the old New York hospital, then standing on Broadway at the head of Pearl street, laid a tract on the breast of a sleeping Swedish sailor, who, upon awaking read it and resolved, if spared, to enter upon a new life. With his newly formed purpose he left the hospital a new man, and while laboring at his trade, that of a ship carpenter, he was always ready to speak a word for his Saviour. Meanwhile a ship, the "Henry Leeds," had been purchased, dismantled, and fitted up as a church, and here, among Swedish sailors, this man labored for thirty years, or until his death in 1866. After awhile this Bethel ship became unfit for use and a second, the "Carrier Pigeon," was purchased and put in its place, and recently this second Bethel ship has been given up, and a chapel on shore has been substituted. The Rev. David Terry, of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, familiar with the whole history from the beginning, writes to Mr. A. R. Wetmore, President of the City Mission, of this last movement, as follows: Nobody is better entitled to know how the mustard seed which was put into that Bethel ship (the "Henry Leeds") in 1846 has grown up to this time. The second ship, the "Carrier Pigeon," having become so nearly unseaworthy as to make us afraid to trust ourselves on board much longer, and being so decayed in her timbers above the water line as to be incapable of repairs, we cast about for a new house, and finding one on shore in a most eligible position, quite contiguous to the Atlantic Dock, near which the Bethel ship had been moored, we told our necessity to a friend, and how it could be met. He at once said "Buy it, the chapel and two lots of ground"; and to do it gave me his check for $5,000.

Last Sabbath I attended the services in the new chapel—the Bethel ship congregation has really come ashore, and the ship, in place of being "broke up," is sold, and goes over to the Jersey shore to serve the canal boatmen and longshoremen, and other men, so long as she can be kept afloat.

So far as human vision can reach, this wondrous work, which has been going on by the ever-increasing agency of the Bethel ship, would not have come about but by the aid of the City Tract Society.

The history of the Scandinavian Missions in this country, according to Mr. Terry, began with the first efforts made among Swedish sailors in this city, more than thirty years ago. So is brought to pass the saying that is to written: "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed," small in its beginnings but great in its results.—*L. E. J., in N. Y. Evangelist.*

BOYS WHO LEARNT NEEDLEWORK.—When the late Admiral —— was a young midshipman, he was sent on a voyage round the world in one of King George the Third's ships. He was three years away, and, as he grew very fast, he found himself sailing in the Pacific Ocean with hardly a stitch of clothes to his back. His mother, sister of Admiral Lord ——, had taught her little boy to sew, so he got some canvas out of the ship's stores, and cut out and made himself a new suit of clothes; his mother was very proud of these, and when her son was an admiral, she used to show them to her grandchildren and tell them the story. Rather more than thirty years ago a lady went to call on another one rainy afternoon; the house was built on an island in a lake in Ireland. In the drawing-room were two little boys sitting on footstools, one on each side of the fireplace. Probably the visitor looked astonished, for the mother of the little boys said in a low tone, "Please don't laugh at them; what should I do with them on this island on a rainy day if they were too proud to sew?" One of these boys was a lieutenant in the Crimean war; he fought none the worse because he knew how to use the needle as well as the sword, when he with his men was for eighteen hours in the Redan on the memorable 18th of June. The chaplain of an Irish institution had seen, when he was young, the straits to which the French aristocratic refugees were reduced, from having to learn how to do things for themselves; and he got a tailor to come into his house and teach his boys how to cut out and make and mend their own clothes. One of the boys is now an old general, but he sews on his buttons to this very day; and when he was on service in one of the small British stations in Asia, he not only mended and patched his own clothes, but those of his brother officers; all the men of his regiment knitted their own socks.—*London Court Journal.*

A GENTLEMAN visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

Question Corner.—No. 19.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

217. Who was Sisera?
218. What was the manner of his death?
219. What nation next oppressed Israel?
220. Who led the Israelites against them?
221. What was this man doing when the angel of the Lord called him?
222. How many soldiers went with Gideon against the Midianites?
223. In what way did they attack the Midianites?
224. What tribe captured the two Midianite princes, Oreb and Zeeb?
225. Who was the ninth judge of Israel?
226. For what was he made judge?
227. How long did he judge Israel?
228. Who was the next judge of importance?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

By changing seasons gently nursed,
From out a tender bud it burst,
And in a wood it flourished first.

Alas! not long; the forest glade,
Resigns its trust; behind it fade
Its sylvan home and woodland shade.

Death came; but though men called it dead,
A second diverse life it led—
A thing of wonder and of dread.

Then the old life resumed its power,
And, in a dark and anxious hour,
Sweet blooms arose, and fruit and flower.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

193. See Joshua, vi. 26.
194. By Hiel, the Bethelite, in the reign of Ahab, 1 Kings xvi. 34.
195. Ai, Joshua vii. 2.
196. They were driven back, and thirty-six of their number slain, Joshua vii. 4, 5.
197. The sin of Achan, Joshua vii. 11, 26.
198. See Joshua viii. 4, 7.
199. The ratification of the law on mounts Ebal and Gerizim, Joshua viii. 30-35, Deut. xxvii.
200. See Joshua ix.
201. That they should be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the tabernacle, Joshua ix. 23.
202. With the five kings of the Amorites, who made war against the Gibeonites because they had made peace with Israel, Joshua x. 1, 7.
203. The city of Gibeon, Joshua xi. 19.
204. The tribe of Levi, Joshua xiii. 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 17.—Henry A. Lunan, 11; Annie Hamilton, 11.

To No. 16.—Charlie E. Sears 11; Helen Nicholson, 12 Minnie Vandusen, 12; Henry A. Lunan, 11; Sefrona Lloyd, 12; Mabel M. Watson, 12; Dugald Currie, 12 J. L. Doupe, 12.

(The letters "ac" written after a name signify that person has answered the acrostic or enigma correctly.)

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XL.

OCTOBER 5.]

OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.—Heb. 4: 14-16; 5: 1-8.

[About 62-64 A.D.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 14-16.

14. Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

15. For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

16. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

CHAP. V. 1. For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins:

2. Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity.

3. And by reason hereof he ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins.

4. And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

5. So also Christ glorified not himself to be made a high priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee.

6. As he saith also in another place, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Mel-chis'e-dec.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. 7: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the High Priest forever.

NOTES.—He'BREWS. The persons for whom this Book was written. They were Israelites who had embraced Christianity; whether they were of Palestine, or of some other country, as of Alexandria, is a question in dispute among scholars. He'BREWS, BOOK OF. The authorship of the Book is disputed. In the early church Barnabas and Paul were each spoken of as the author. Paul's name is said not to have been affixed to it for 300 years. Luther ascribed it to Apollos; and learned scholars, as Erasmus, Calvin, and Alford, did not regard it as Pauline. The weight of modern scholarship, however seems to favor the view that it was dictated by Paul to Luke, who wrote it out from memory, as Paul was in prison. It was very probably written before the destruction of Jerusalem. Leathes places it at 62-64 A.D., others at 68-70 A.D. The place from which it was written Alford thinks, was Ephesus, others say Cæsarea or Rome. Its design is to show the superiority of the Gospel to the Jewish ceremonial. HIGH PRIEST. The chief officer in the Jewish Church; first filled by Aaron, and continued until Christ, about 1,500 years. His work was to act as leader of the people in the worship of Jehovah, and once a year to enter into the holy of holies, to make an offering for all the people. AA'RON—lofty, elder brother of Moses, and first High Priest of the Jewish Church; was a speaker for Moses at the Court of Pharaoh; aided him in guiding the Israelites through the wilderness; died on Mount Hor. MEL-CHIZ'E DEC—king of righteousness, a king of Salem, and priest of God, who met and blessed Abram after the latter's victory over the king of Elam or Syria.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A SINLESS HIGH PRIEST. (II.) A COMPASSIONATE HIGH PRIEST. (III.) A GLORIFIED HIGH PRIEST.

I. A SINLESS HIGH PRIEST. (14.) SEEING THEN therefore, "having therefore," etc.; GREAT HIGH PRIEST, that is, one greater than AARON or MOSES. Heb. 3: 5, 6; PASSED INTO, or "through the heavens," and to God, as the high priest passed through the temple into His presence: HOLD FAST, keep our profession, the knowledge of Christ; trending for us, giving us courage. (15.) CANNOT BE TOUCHED, as the Levitical priest who was removed beyond the common troubles of others; WAS . . . TEMPTED, or "who bore in all things the likeness of our trials" (*Howson*). (16.) COME BOLDLY, or "with liberty," freedom of speech; THRONE OF GRACE, the priest formerly came to the throne or seat of grace, that is, the mercy seat; IN TIME OF NEED, in due time, seasonably, as required; not necessarily to-day, as Alford implies.

II. A COMPASSIONATE HIGH PRIEST. (5: 1.) TAKEN FROM . . . MAN, OR AARON and his successors; FOR MEN, or, "is appointed to act for men in the things of God;" GIFTS AND SACRIFICES, as tithes of the first fruits, and lambs for sin offerings. (2.) HAVE COMPASSION, or, "can bear with the ignorant;" OUT OF THE WAY, or, "the erring;" COMPASSED . . . INFIRMITY, that is, a Jewish priest was liable to sin. (3.) REASON HEREOF, because of his sinful tendencies; FOR HIMSELF, he must make an offering for his own sins also. (4.) THIS HONOR, of making an offering; AS WAS AARON, who was specially called of God to the priesthood, but Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were destroyed for acting as if they were priests.

III. A GLORIFIED HIGH PRIEST. (5.) SO ALSO, that is, as AARON did not appoint himself priest, so Jesus did not; GLORIFIED, a different word from that in verse 4; BUT HE, that is, God glorified him by calling him his son; THOU ART, this is quoted from the Greek, but the Hebrew version of Ps. 2: 7. (6.) THOU . . . PRIEST. This is also from the Greek version of Ps. 110: 4; AFTER THE ORDER, from the Greek version of Ps. 110: 4; AFTER THE ORDER, or after the manner, or similitude, but not of "the rank." See chap. 7: 15.

State two things we are urged to do in this lesson.

Three reasons why Christ will bear with us.

When and where we may hope to find grace.

How Jesus may become our High Priest.

LESSON XLI.

OCTOBER 12.]

THE TYPES EXPLAINED.—Heb. 9: 1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 8-12.

1. Then verily the first covenant had also ordinances of divine service, and a worldly sanctuary.

2. For there was a tabernacle made; the first, wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the shew bread; which is called the sanctuary.

3. And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the holiest of all;

4. Which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aa'ron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant.

5. And over it the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy seat; of which we cannot now speak particularly.

6. Now when these things were thus ordained, the priests went always into the first tabernacle, accomplishing the service of God.

7. But into the second went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people:

8. The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing:

9. Which was a figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices, that could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience;

10. Which stood only in meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation.

11. But Christ being come a high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building;

12. Neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.—Heb. 10: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The law was a shadow of good things to come.

NOTES.—TAB'ER-NA-CLE, the tent of Jehovah, built according to the directions given to Moses in the wilderness. It was composed of gold, silver brass blue, purple, scarlet and fine linen, and covered with skins of the sheep and badger (?), while the frame-work was of shittim wood. In shape it was oblong, being 30 cubits by 10 cubits, or about 48 x 15 feet; divided into two unequal parts, called the Holy Place (20 x 10 cubits), which was separated from the Holy of Holies (10 x 10 cubits) by a veil of precious material. In the most holy place was the Ark and the Mercy Seat. The Tabernacle was the chief sanctuary of the Jews until superseded by the building of Solomon's Temple. CAN'DLE-STICK, made of beaten gold, though Josephus says it was cast gold, and hollow. It was in the holy place on the south side. TABLE which was opposite the candlestick and held the shew bread. The table was made of shittim or acacia wood, and was two cubits long, one wide, and one and one-half cubits high and was overlaid with pure gold. SHEW BREAD. Every Sabbath twelve newly-baked loaves were put on the table in the sanctuary, and were placed in two rows of six loaves each, and were sprinkled with incense. GOL-DEN CEN'SER, a small portable metal vessel fitted to hold burning coals from the altar, and on which incense was sprinkled by the priest. ARK, an oblong chest made of shittim wood, (about 3½ by 2 feet, inlaid and overlaid with gold, the lid or covering being called the Mercy Seat. The ark held the two tables of the law, and was kept in the most holy place of the sanctuary. CHER'U-BIM, figures placed upon the Mercy Seat and overshadowing it with their wings. The forms of the figures are not now certainly known.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE EARTHLY SANCTUARY AND SERVICE. (II.) THE PERFECT SANCTUARY AND PRIEST.

I. THE EARTHLY SANCTUARY AND SERVICE. (1.) THEN VERILY, or "accordingly then:" the writer resumes the subject from chap. 8: 5; FIRST COVENANT, made with the fathers, especially with Moses; ORDINANCES, or "ceremonies" of worship; WORLDLY SANCTUARY, "a holy place in this world," (2.) A TABERNACLE MADE in two parts, by Moses: THE FIRST, the first part or holy place; CANDLESTICK, TABLE, SHEW BREAD, see Notes; SANCTUARY, holy place. (3.) AFTER THE SECOND VAIL, he used or inside of the veil between the holy and most holy place; THE ONCE or first veil was that at the entrance to the tabernacle. (4.) GOLDEN CENSER, or, as Howson translates, "Golden altar," that is, of incense, but his translation is doubtful. The priest carried the Golden Censer into the most holy place; the golden altar was not there, nor ever carried there; ARK, see Notes; GOLDEN POT THAT HAD MANNA. Some of the manna was gathered and placed in the Ark for a memorial. EX. 16: 33; AARON'S ROD, his staff; it budded in proof of AARON'S authority, when certain princes rebelled, see Num. 17: TABLES OF THE COVENANT, two stone tablets or the ten commandments. EX. 34: 28. (5.) CHERUBIM, MERCY SEAT, see Notes. (6.) ORDAINED, appointed, or ordered; THE PRIESTS, meaning all but the high priest; FIRST TABERNACLE, or rather, first part of the tabernacle, the holy place; ACCOMPLISHING, performing. (7.) SECOND, second part, the most holy place. (8.) THIS SIGNIFYING, showed by the high priest's offering; MADE MANIFEST, way to the holiest place, which WAS A type of heaven was not opened or made sure and plain to men. (9.) FIGURE, or image, or representation (stronger word than type, and same Greek word as "parable"); PERFECT AS . . . CONSCIENCE, that is, could only reach the outward form, not remove the sense of guilt. (10.) CARNAL ORDINANCES, or "rites," ceremonies.

II. THE PERFECT SANCTUARY AND ITS PRIEST. (11.) GREATER . . . TABERNACLE, this is variously understood: (1) church on earth; (2) Christ' glorified body; (3) the heavens; the latter seems the more probable meaning; NOT OF THIS CREATION, not built by hands as the Mosaic tabernacle was; or as Alford explains "it belongs to the age of the future, the glorified world," chap. 8: 2. (12.) ETERNAL REDEMPTION, redemption once for all; not needing to be repeated.

State from this lesson—

1. The meaning of the Mosaic tabernacle and its services.

2. How it has been made unnecessary now.

3. How Christ became our High Priest.

READING WITH A PURPOSE.—There is a great deal too much reading at random; of this book to-day, and of that to-morrow, with no careful method governing the selection, and no high purpose gathering up the results into a definite good. One cannot read all the books that are published; one cannot even know by name the books that have been written; the only possible achievement is to adopt some eclectic system and abide by it rigorously; to do a little reading upon a few choice topics, and do it thoroughly and well. It is an excellent way to fix upon some epoch in history, or some noted figure in biography, or some important department of science and art; and to govern one's reading by its requirements. Concentrate fact, fiction, and fancy all upon the theme; illuminate all parts of it by every aid that can be brought to bear upon it, and make it a life-work to master it in all its aspects and relations. Such a course will give constant interest to a pursuit which, even with those who are fondest of it, may sometimes flag; it will economize thought and time; and it will enrich the mind with the best fruits of study.—*The Literary World.*

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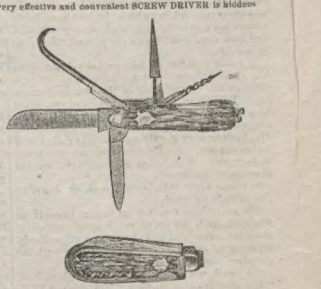

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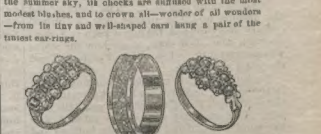

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